MONEY:

A PERILOUS SECRET.

BY CHARLES READE, Author of "Put Yourself in His Place," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE. The next time Walter Clifford met Mary Bartley he was gloomy at inter-vals. The observant girl saw he had

something on his mind. She taxed him with it, and asked him tenderly what it

"Oh, nothing," said he.
"Don't tell me!" said she. "Mind, nothing escapes my eye. Come, tell me, or we are not friends."

"Oh, come, Mary. That is hard."
"Not in the least. I take an interest "Bless you for saying so!"

"And so, if you keep your troubles from me, we are not friends, nor cous-"Mary!"

"Nor anything else." "Well, dear Mary, sooner than not be anything else to you I will tell you, and yet I don't like. Well, then, if I must, it is that dear old wrong-headed father of mine. He wants me to marry Julia

Clifford." Mary turned pale directly. "I guess-ed as much," said she. "Well, she is young and beautiful and rich, and it is your duty to obey your father."
"But I can't."

"Oh yes, you can, if you try."
"But I can't try."

"Why not?" "Can't you guess?"

"Well, then, I love another girl. As epposite to her as light is to darkness." Mary blushed and looked down. "Com-plimentary to Julia," she said. "I pity her opposite, for Julia is a fine, highminded girl."

"Ah, Mary, you are too clever for me; of course I mean the opposite in appear-

"As ugly as she is pretty?" No; but she is a dark girl, and I don't like dark girls. It was a dark girl that deceived me so heartlessly years ago."

"And made me hate the whole sex." "Or only the brunettes?"

"The whole lot." "Cousin Walter, I thank you in the name of that small company." "Until I saw you, and you converted

me in one day." "Only to the blondes?" "Only to one of them. My sweet Mary, the situation is serious. You, whose eye nothing escapes-you must have Been long ago how I love you."

"Never mind what I have seen, Walter," said Mary, whose bosom was beginning to heave.

"Very well," said Walter; "then I will tell you as if you didn't know it. I admired you at first sight; every time I was with you I admired you, and loved you more and more. It is my heaven to see you and to hear you speak. Whether you are grave or gay, saucy or tender, it is all one charm, one witchcraft. I want you for my wife, and my child, and my friend. Mary, my love, my darling, how could I marry any woman but you? and you, could you marry any man but me, to break the heart that beats only for you?"

This and the voice of love, now ardent. now broken with emotion, were more than sweet, saucy Mary could trifle with; her head drooped slowly upon his shoulder, and her arm went round his neck, and the tremor of her yielding frame and the tears of tenderness that flowed slowly from her fair eyes told Walter Clifford without a word that she

He had the sense not to ask her for words. What words could be so eloquent as this? He just held her to his manly bosom, and trembled with love and joy and triumph.

She knew, too, that she had replied, and treated her own attitude like a senall that," said she, "I don't mean to be a ford, and leave this place in a pet, just and I trusted to that woman."

"No more you shall, dear," said Walter. "Leave it to me. We must be patient, and all will come right." "Oh, I'll be true to you, dear, if that is all," said Mary.

"And if you would not mind just temporizing a little, for my sake, who love "Temporize!" said Mary, eagerly.

"With all my heart. I'll temporize till we are all dead and buried." "Oh, that will be too long for me," said Walter."

"Oh, never do things by halves," said | ing languor from those glorious eyes." the ready girl.

If his tongue had been as prompt as hers, he might have said that "tempor- Walter h izing" was doing things by halves; but he let her have the last word. And per-haps he lost nothing, for she would have had that whether or no.

So this day was another era in their love. Girls after a time are not content to see they are beloved; they must hear it too; and now Walter had spoken out like a man, and Mary had replied like a woman. They were happy, and walked hand in hand purring to one another,

Instead of sparring any more.

On his return home Walter found

Julia marching swiftly and haughtily

are respected in our c—county; and here
I have to meet her on the sly, and live
at the D—Dun Cow." up and down upon the terrace of Clif-ford Hall, and he could not help admiring the haughty magnificence of her walk. The reason soon appeared. She was in a passion. She was always tall, fine woman as Julia really awes a man with her carriage at such a time. The poor soul thinks he sees before him the indignation of the just; when very like-

"Anything the matter, Miss Clifford?"
said he, obsequiously.

"No, sir" (very stiffly).

"Can I be of any service?"

"No you cannot." And then, swifter

ed of myself. It is that little wretch." | wienisis to my governor. You will of it

THOU OUT ITIEND & ITTENO ray, what other little wretch is there about? We are all Grenadiers and May-poles in this house except him. Well, let him go. I dare say somebody else-hum-and Uncle Clifford has told me more than once I ought to look higher. I couldn't well look lower than five feet nothing. Ha! ha! I told him

"That was cruel." "Don't scold me. I won't be lectured by any of you. Of course it was, dear. Poor little Percy. Oh! oh! oh!" And after all this thunder there was

a little rain, by a law that governs At-mosphere and Woman impartially. Seeing her softened, and having his own reasons for wishing to keep Fitzroy to do his duty, Walter begged leave to mediate, if possible, and asked if she would do him the honor to confide the grievance to him.

"Of course I will," said Julia. "He is angry with Colonel Clifford for not wishing him to stay here, and he is angry with me for not making Uncle Clifford invite him. As if I could! I should be ashamed to propose such a thing. The truth is, he is a luxurious little fellow, and my society out-of-doors does not compensate him for the cookery at the Dun Cow. There! let him go."

"But I want him to stay."

"Then that is very kind of you."

"Isn't it?" said Walter, slyly. "And I must make him stay somehow. Now tell me, isn't he a little jealous?"

"A little jealous! Why, he is eaten up with it; he is petrie de jalousie."

"Then," said Walter, timidly, and hesitater of every word "you can't be an-

tating at every word, "you can't be angry if I work on him a little. Would there be any great harm if I were to say that nobody can see you without admir-ing you; that I have always respected his rights, but that if he abandons

them-Julia caught it in a moment. She blushed, and laughed heartily. "Oh, you good, sly Thing!" said she; "and it is the truth, for I am as proud as he is vain, and if he does leave me I will turn round that moment and make you in love with me."

Walter looked queer. This was a turn he had not counted on. "Do you think I couldn't, sir?" said she, sharply.

"It is not for me to limit the power of beauty," said Walter, meekly,
"Say the power of flattery. I could cajole any man in the world-if I

"Then you are a dangerous creature, and I will make Fitzroy my shield. I'm off to the Dun Cow." "You are a duck," said this impetuous beauty. "So there!" She took him round the neck with both hands, and

gave him a most delicious kiss. "Why, he must be mad," replied the recipient, bluntly. She laughed at that, and he went straight to the Dun Cow. He found young Fitzroy sitting rather disconsolate, and opened his errand at once by asking him if it was true that

they were to lose him. Percy replied stiffly that it was true. "What a pity!" said Walter. "I d-don't think I shall be m-much m-missed," said Percy, rather sudden-

"I know two people who will miss

"I d-don't know one."

"Two, I assure you-Miss Clifford and myself. Come, Mr. Fitzroy, I will not beat about the bush. I am afraid you are mortified, and I must say, justly mortified, at the coolness my father has shown to you. But I assure you that it is not from any disrespect to you personally."

"Oh, indeed!" said Percy, ironically. "No; quite the reverse—he is afraid

"That is a g-g-good joke." "No; let me explain. Fathers are curious people. If they are ever so disinterested in their general conduct, they are sure to be a little mercenary for their children. Now, you know, Miss Clifford is a beauty who would adorn Clifford Hall, and an heiress whose money would purchase certain properties that join ours. You understand?"

"Yes," said the little man, starting up in great wrath. "I understand, and it's a-bom-inable. I th-thought you were my friend, and a m-man of hhonor."

"So I am, and that is why I warn you tence in rather a droll way. "But for | in time. If you quarrel with Miss Clifwicked girl if I can help. This is an age | see what risks we both run, you and I. of wicked young ladies. I soon found | My father will be always at me, and I | Mrs. Easton. that out in the newspapers; that and | shall not be able to insist on your prior science are the two features. And I claim; he will say you have abandoned have made a solemn vow not to be one it. Julia will take the huff, and you | find with you.' of them"-(query, a science or a naughty | know beautiful women will do strange girl)-making mischief between father | things-mad things-when once pique enters their hearts. She might turn round and marry me."

"You forget, sir, you are a man of honor.' "But not a man of stone. Now, my dear Fitzroy, be reasonable. Suppose that peerless creature went in for female revenge; why, the first thing she would do would be to make me love her, whether I chose or no. She wouldn't give me a voice in the matter. She would flatter me; she would cajole me; she would transfix my too susceptible hearts with glances of fire and bewitch-

"D-d-! Ahem!" cried Percy, turn-Walter had no mercy. "I heard her say once she could make any man love her if she chose.'

"So she could," said Percy, ruefully.
"She made me. I had an awful p-pprejudice against her, but there was no resisting."

"Then don't subject me to such a trial. Stick to her like a man." "So I will; b-but it is a m-m-morti-fying position. I'm a man of family. We came in with the C-Conquest, and

"Where the cuisine is wretched."

"A-b-b-bominable! Having thus impregnated his mind with that soothing sentiment, jealousy, Walter told him he had a house to let but now she seemed lofty, and to com-bine the supple panther with the erect peacock in her ireful march. Such a fine lawn and garden, only neglected into a wilderness. "But all the better for you," said he. "You have plenty of money, and no occupation. Perhaps that is what leads to these little quarly it is only what in a man would be called petulance.

"Anything the matter, Miss Clifford?" is a brook runs through it—it isn't every lawn has that—and there used to be water-lilies floating, and peonies nod-ding down at them from the bank; a paradise. She adores flowers, you know. than any weather-cock ever turned: Why not rent that house from me? You are a good creature; why should will have constant occupation and I be rude to you? I ought to be asham-amusement. You will become a rival

take the snine out of him directly; you have only to give a ball, and then all the girls will worship you, Julia Clif-ford especially, for she could dance the devil to a stand-still."

Percy's eyes flashed. "When can have the place?" said he, eagerly. "In half an hour. I'll draw you a three months' agreement. Got any paper? Of course not. Julia is so near. What are those? Playing-cards. What do you play? 'Patience,' all by yourself. No wonder you are quarrelsome! Nothing else to bestow your energy on." Percy denied this imputation. The

cards were for pistol practice. He shot daily at the pips in the yard.

"It is the fiend Ennui that loads your pistols, and your temper too. Didn't I

Walter then demanded the ace of diamonds, and on its face let him the house three years, rent £5 a year; which was a good bargain for both parties, since Percy was sure to lay out a thousand pounds or two on the property, and to bind Julia more closely to him, who was

Walter had brought the keys with him, so he drove Percy over at once and

Waiter told Julia all about it that "No, my dear," said Mrs. Easton; you same night, and her eyes were eloquent are wrong. He does not send me away;

The next day he had a walk with Mary Bartley, and told her all about it.

him. Mary turned red and white by turns, but said nothing.

Bartley went on: "You are a good child, and I have always trusted you. I must be more discreet. I have just heard that you and that young man are looked upon as engaged lovers. They say it is all over the village. Of course a father is the last to hear these things.

Does Mrs. Easton know of this?"

"Oh yes, papa, and approves it."

"No more must I. But, Miss Mary, I'll tell you this. I know his reasons why you should not marry Walter Clifford are my reasons why you should marry no other man."

"Oh, nurse! oh you dear, good angel!"

"So when friends differ like black and white."

"No."

"No."

"No more must I. But, Miss Mary, I'll tell you this. I know his reasons was a father is the last to hear these things.

"Oh, nurse! oh you dear, good angel!"

"So when friends differ like black and the property of the prop am sure you mean no harm. But you

ashamed of herself." "Oh, papa!" said Mary, in deep distress; "why, what objection can there

be to Cousin Walter?" "None whatever as a cousin.but every objection to intimacy. Does he court "I don't know, papa. I suppose he

"Does he seek your love?" "He does not say so exactly."

"Come, Mary, you have never deceived me. Does he love you?" him he will be very unhappy. And so

"What reasons, papa?" my reasons; but I hope, Mary, that it him if you defy both fathers?"

"No, no," said poor Mary. "We have been hasty and very foolish. But, oh, papa, have you not seen from the first? Oh, why did you not warn me in time? my life. We are very unfortunate. Poor | house. Oh! oh! oh! Walter! He left me so full of hope. What shall I do? what shall I do?" It was Mary Bartley's first grief. She thought all chance of happiness was this before." gone forever, and she wept bitterly for Walter and herself.

Bartley was not unmoved, but he could not change his nature. The sum of me now, and my peace is gone. I he had obtained by a crime was dearer | must not defy my father, and I will not to him than all his more honest gains. | break poor Walter's heart-the truest He was kind on the surface, but hard | heart that ever beat. Not tell dear Mr. as marble.

"Go to your room, my child," said he, cut in pieces for it." And her beauti-"and try and compose yourself. I am | ful eyes flashed lightning through her not angry with you. I ought to have | tears. watched you. But you are so young, Mary retired, sobbing, and he sent for | feet.

"Mrs. Easton," said he, "for the first | asked Mary, fixing her eyes with protime in all these years I have a fault to

"What is that, sir, if you please?" "Young Clifford has been courting that child, and you have encouraged it.' "Nay, sir," said the woman, "I have not done that. She never spoke to me, I'll make it my business to read that ner I to her."

"Well, then, you never interfered." "No, sir; no more than you did." "Because I never observed it till to-

"How could I know that, sir? Everybody else observed it. Mr. Hope would have been the first to see it, if he had been in your place." This sudden thrust made Bartley wince, and showed him he had a tougher customer to deal with than poor Mary.

"You can't bear to be found fault don't wonder at it, after fourteen years'

fidelity to me." "I take no credit for that," said the for it."

"No doubt. But I don't always get the thing I pay for. Then let by-gones be by-gones; but just assist me now to cure the girl of this folly."

"Sir." said the woman, firmly, "it is not folly; it is wisest and best for all; and I can't make up my mind to lift a finger against it."

"Do you mean to defy me, then?" "No, sir. I don't want to go against you, nor yet against my own conscience, what's left on't. I have seen a pretty while that it must come to this, and I | mals were killed; that in 1511, about 5 ready to have me, and I'm not too old was killed. But these, according to Mr. to be useful to her. I'm worth my board. James R. Gregory, seem to be the only in-I'll go there this very day, if you please.
I'm as true to you as I can be, sir. For
I see by Miss Mary crying so you have
spoken to her, and so now she is safe to come to me for comfort; and if she does, I shall take her part, you may be sure, for I love her like my own child." Here the dogged voice began to tremble; but she recovered herself, and told him she would go at once to her sister Gilbert, that lived only ten miles off, and next day she would go to the little hotel at the lakes, and leave him to part two true lovers if he could and break both their hearts; she should wash her hands

Bartley asked a moment to consider. "Shall we be friends still if you leave me like that? Surely, after all these years, you will not tell your sister? You

will not betray me?" "Never, sir," said she. "What for? To bring those two together? Why, it would part them forever. I wonder at you, a gentleman, and in business all your life, yet you don't seem to see place through the muddy water as I do that grow.

is only a plain woman."

She then told him her clothes were nearly all packed, and she could start in an hour. "You shall have the break and the horses," said he, with great alacrity.

Everything transpires quickly in a small house, and just as she had finished packing, in came Mary in violent dis-tress. "What, is it true? Are you goand premises on a repairing lease for | ing to leave me, now my heart is broken? Oh, nurse! nurse!" This was too much even for stout-

hearted Nancy Easton.
"Oh, my child!" she cried, and sat down on her box sobbing vioworth her weight in gold ten times | lently, Mary enfolded in her arms, and then they sat crying and rocking together. "Papa does not love me as I do him."

gave him possession, and, to do the lit-tle fellow justice, the moisture of grati-time. "He breaks my heart, and sends tude stood in his eyes when they part- | you away the same day, for fear you should comfort me."

I go by my own wish.' "Oh, nurse, you desert me! Then you don't know what has happened." She hung upon him, and gazed admiringly into his eyes all the time, and they I'm leaving because I can't do what he

parted happy lovers.

Mr. Bartley met her at the gate.

"Mary," said he, gravely, "who was that
I saw you with just now?"

wishes. You see it is this way, Miss Mary—your father has been very good to me, and I am his debtor. I must not stay here and help you to thwart him— "Cousin Walter."

"I feared so. You are too much with stay here and help you to thwart him—that would be ungrateful—and yet I can't take his side against you. Master has got reasons why you should not marry Walter Clifford, and—"

"He told me so himself," said Mary. "Ah, but he didn't tell you his rea-

"Oh yes, papa, and approves it."

"So when friends differ like black and street black and bipping a cob pipe into the fire, and skill is best to part. I'm going to bipping a cob pipe into the fire, and skill is best to part. to-morrow to my sister Sally, at her hotel."

"Oh, nurse, must you? must you? I shall have not a friend to advise or console me till Mr. Hope comes back. Oh, I hope that won't be long now." Mrs. Easton dropped her hands upon

her knees and looked at Mary Bartley. "What, Miss Mary, would you go to Mr. Hope in such a matter as this? Surely you would not have the face?" "Not take my breaking heart to Mr. "I am afraid he does; and if you reject | Hope!" cried Mary, with a sudden flood of tears. "You might as well tell me not to lay my trouble before my God. "I am truly sorry to hear it, Mary, for Dear, dear Mr. Hope, who saved my life there are reasons why I cannot consent in those deep waters, and then cried to an engagement between him and over me, darling dear! I think more of that than of his courage. Do you think I am blind? He loves me better than "It would not be proper to disclose | my own father does; and it is not a young man's love; it is an angel's. Not will be enough to say that Colonel Clif- cry to him when I am in the deep waters ford has other views for his son, and I of affliction? I could not write of such have other views for my daughter. Do a thing to him for blushing, but the moyou think a blessing will attend you or | ment he returns I shall find some way to let him know how happy I have been, how broken-hearted I am, and that papa has reasons against him, and they are your reasons for him, and that you are both afraid to let me know these curious Then I could have obeyed you easily. reasons-me, the poor girl whose heart Now it will cost me the happiness of is being made a foot-ball of in this

"Don't cry, Miss Mary," said Nurse Easton, tenderly; "and pray don't excite yourself so. Why, I never saw you like

"Had I ever the same reason? You have only known the happy, thoughtless child. They have made a woman Hope? I'll tell him everything, if I'm

"Hum!" said Mrs. Easton, under her breath, and looking down at her own

"And pray what does 'hum' mean?" digious keenness on the woman's face. "Well, I don't suppose 'hum' means anything," said Mrs. Easton, still looking down.

"Doesn't it?" said Mary. "With such a face as that it means a volume. And volume."

"Hum!" "And Mr. Hope shall help me." [To be Continued.]

A Coon Trap and a Tree.

[Chicago Herald.]

river near the crossing of the Nickel Plate bought, but while I looked intelligent, she with, Easton," said he, craftily, "and I railroad. He remembers having set the might as well have been repeating the Choctrap, but does not recollect having taken it taw alphabet for all I understood. four claws of a coon's foot. A soft willow, new hat. woman, doggedly. "I have been paid on the roots of which it was set, had grown almost entirely around it. Parts of the trap were imbedded in the wood as if they had been driven into it. He now has the portion of the tree with the trap in at his home.

> Celestial Death Missiles, [Arkansaw Traveler.]

Considering the number of meteoric stones which reach the earth's surface, it would not be surprising if many lives had been destroyed by them. It is stated that loss of life resulted from a large fall in Africa; that about the year 1020 many persons and anihave written to my sister Sally. She o'clock in evening, a priest was struck and keeps a small hotel at the lakes. She is | killed; and that still later, in 1650, a monk stances recorded of death from falling meteorites.

Another Stage Superstition.

[Chicago Times.] A leading man of a new York theatre illustrated the hold which superstition still maintains on many who would be least susthe stage. It is bad luck. The play will not succeed if you take on that parasol, I am sure." To oblige, the offending article was closed and the actor's fears calmed.

EVIDENCE OF CULTIVATION.

away off somewhere in the woods, is almost as charming as the sudden discovery of a flower, lifting its perfumed petals in a waste place where only weeds were expected to

The day was dreary. Rain was falling. The leafless trees, rattling their stiff fingers GENUINE together, shivered; while occasionally a rheumatic old oak, suffering his joints to shriek, would cry out in acute pain. A house—lonely and humble, with a stark chimney and clapboard roof, but a house.

"Come in," said the whining, though not unpleasant, voice of a woman. "Git outen the way, will you," she added, thrusting the toe of a coarse shoe against the ribs of a dog. "It do 'peer like the dogs will take the place. Set down, sir."

I sat down. The woman, while closely eyeing me, proceeded to twist up her tangled black hair, which, in the semi gloom of the ill-lighted house, looked like the network of an uncongenial night.

community ?'

"Yes." "Out huntin' hogs, I reckon."

"No, I am not hunting hogs." "It kain't be that you air the new circuit rider, ken it?"

"No, madam, I am merely traveling through this part of the country with a view of writing it up for a newspaper." "Wall, wall," she said in astonishment. "A

man some time ergo put something in the paper about our place. The paper is up here now, I reckon."

She took down the county paper and pointed to a paragraph setting forth the fact that her husband's land was about to be "sould for taxes."

"Where is your husband?" I asked.

"Gone to whip the man that put that am't much uv a scholard myself. I uster could figger a little, but when the war come

my sister Gilbert this afternoon, and fully securing a coal, she settled herself down to solid enjoyment.

"The war was awful," she continued. They tuck every chicken on the place, an aigs, why, I couldn't keep one, no way 1 could fix it. Pap he got awful mad, but he could fix it. Pap he got awful mad, but he had to lay low. One time they tuck him outen bed, tied him acrost a log an' whupped him till you mout uv hearn him holler a mile.

The only Genuine JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT is the BEST HEALTH BEVERAGE. TONIC AND NUTRITIVE known. The Genuine CONTAINS ONE-THIRD MORE to the bottle than the imitation AND IS SUPERIOR IN QUALITY. an' er ha'f. I was powerful sorry for him. but it couldn't be helped. That wa'n't all. While they was stirrin' round with him they broke the finest settin' uv goose aigs I ever laid my eyes on. Oh, it was shameful the MR. EISNER:

way they did carry on." "What time will your busband return.

hand. He is usually putty peart. Laws a massy, how he ken slash round when he is at himself. Don't know Lit Kelly, do you?" I confessed that I was not acquainted with | EISNER & MENDELSON:

"Wall, I seed pap whup Lit with one han for circulars, etc. an' pay his respecks to the Parker boys with the t'uther one. Pap, he was edycated whar they turn out scholards,"

On a little table, near which I sat, I noticed a leather-bound book. Taking it up 1 saw that it was an old copy of Byron. "That's pap's," she said. "He wouldn't take nothin' fur it."

The book was well worn. "Pap" was evi- out it. dently a man of some cultivation. It was a surprise to see that book away out there in the woods, and to know that a humble, obscure man felt the fire of its burning pages.

tinued, "an' it's the arnly one he keers about." "I suppose he spends a great deal of his purpose. With kind regards, I am yours truly, CHARLES S. TURNBULL, M. D.

"Law bless you, no. It's his razor strap. He 'lows that there aint't none o' these here new fangled strops that'll sharpen a razor like that book. Don't be snatched," she added as

"Yes, I must go. The rain is about over." "Stop in when you happen to come along, OPIE P. READ. Wall, er, good day." LITTLE ROCK, Ark., April 29.

A Very Happy Pair.

[Chronicle "Undertones,"] There is a very happy married couple up town. They were fairly happy before. Now they are politively blissful, and the crown of an old hat did the whole business. He had an old brown hat. He was fond of playing solitaire and the gaslight hurt his eyes. He been a trapper for over forty years, recently and used it for a shade. She wanted somefound a steel trap which he had set twenty thing for Easter. She went down town shop- for convalescence and general debility.

The steel trap which he had set twenty thing for Easter. She went down town shop- for convalescence and general debility.

Prov. Dr. GRANICHSTETTER, away. It was sprung and in its jaws were evening they were going out. She had on

> "More extravagance," he said. "Another new hat and we are just married. Do give me a chance to make up the wedding expenses, won't you?"

"We I, it didn't cost much and you know I must have something to wear."

"Oh, yes, that's always the way." She took out the rim of the old brown hat and fitted on the new hat over its trimming-I believe that's what they call it. That was enough. He took her up in his arms and I think he's kissing her yet.

The Lean Girl.

[Chicago Tribune.] It seems to be admitted by all the fashionable authorit es that the lean girl must go, socially speaking, and that the fat girl's reign has come. But none of them will deny that there are about the lean girl more good points than her rival can show.

Lincoln was in the homely and conventional, as well as in the truest and highest sense, a good fellow. His sympathies were Sole Agent for United States and Canada pected of the weakness. Going up to a quick and deep, his tact intuitive, and a minor actress who felt complimented to be genial instinct moved him to make his society addressed by the prominent actor, he begged as pleasant as he could. His originality a favor. "Do not carry an open parasol on showed itself at all times and in little things, and a quaint humor seemed to per-

To meet with an evidence of cultivation, Johann Hoff's



I sat down. The woman, while closely yeing me, proceeded to twist up her tangled lack hair, which, in the semi gloom of the il-lighted house, looked like the network of an uncongenial night.

"I reckon you air a stranger in this here "I reckon you air a stranger in this here"

Established in 1847 by JOHANN HOFF, Royal Prussian Counsellor, Knight of the Order to the Crown, owner of the Imperial Austrian Gold Cross of Meriz with the Crown, and owner of the Hohenzollera Medal of Merit, Purveyor of almost all Sovereigns of Europe. Inventor and first manufacturer of the Malt Entract and possessor of 58 PRIZE MEDALS from Exhibitions and Scientific Societies.

The dENUINE Imported Hoff's Malt bears on the PACE OF EVERY BOTTLE the SIGNATURE of

Johannsti



U

PHILADELPHIA, August 9, 1887

DEAR SIR: Having had occasion to give the preparations of Malt now in the market an extensive and prolonged trial, I have at last definitely settled on madam?'

"Wall, it's jest owin' to how long it will take him to git through with the bus'ness in always given me entire satisfaction.

"Bottonged that, I have at last definitely settled on Johann Hoff's Genuine Imported, M. Eisner, solve agent, as being the best and most reliable and meeting the indications in the largest majority of cases. It have always given me entire satisfaction.

Respectfully yours, ALBERT L. A. TOBOLDT, M. D. FOR

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 27, 1884.

DEAR SIRS: I am using your "Hoff's Malt Extract" in my practice and am pleased with results. Thank p Very respectfully, J. A. LARRABEE, M. D. YSPEPSIA GERMAN HOSPITAL, PHILADELPHIA.

To MORITZ EISNER, Esq., Sole Agent of Johann Hoff's Malt Extract for the U.S. of A., 320 Race

Street, Philadelphia. DEAR SIR: Please send one dozen of Johann Hoff a Malt Extract to the above hospital. I am very much pleased with it and my patients could not do with-

> Resident Physician of the German Hospital Philadelphia.

"That's the armly book he's got," she con-finued, "an' it's the armly one he keers DEAR SIR: Dr. E. Wilson recommended Johann Hoff's Malt Extract as the best and only kind for our

Assistant Professor Jefferson Medical College

Philadelphia. Mr. M. EISNER: I have used the Johann Hoff

Malt Extract sent me with very good effect. WILLIAM PEPPER, M. D., and Debilitated

GARRISON HOSPITAL, Vienna, Austria, Johann Hoff's Malt Extract has been largely used in the above hospital, and we cheerfully indorse into use to the medical profession for general debility and convalescence, for which it has proved to be a most estimable remedy.

Chief Physician of H. M. the Emperor's Gurr. Hosp. DR. PORIAS, House Physician.

Johann Hoff's Genuine Malt Extract has been chemically investigated in the laboratory of Prof. vom-John Hyatt, of Willvale, Ind., who has been a trapper for over forty years, recently and used it for a shade. She wanted sometions and bad nutrition, also affections of the chest,

University of Vienna, Austria, OLIL I have brought suit against

Messrs. TARRANT & CO., for

bottling and selling another

preparation upon the reputstion of my Genuine Malt Extract for which I have received 58 Medals from Exhibitions, Modical Societies, etc., etc. BEWARE of IMITATIONS?

None genuine without signature a "JOHANE HOFF" and "MORITZ EISNER," on the neck of

JOHANN HOFF. Berlin, Germany. Beware of Imitations!

None Genuine unless having the Signature on the Neck of Every Bottle of

Sole Agents for United States, vade every gesture and every expression of 318 & 320 RACE STREET. PHILADELPHIA, PA. U.S. A.